

# BLUSHES

NUMBER 27



## Warning

This magazine is not to be sold to persons under 18.

Potential purchasers are advised that it contains photographs and written material dealing with various aspects of corporal punishment.

Display out of the reach of children.

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS

UNDER THE AGE OF 18

£6



All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise, over the age of 18; none of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage sexual coercion. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as legitimate comment reflecting the writer's views alone.



Embarrassed to be seen outside Charles' door with the strap in her hand — the strap which is going to be smacked hard across her bottom — Maureen turns away from the visitor and leans against the wall, sulking.





# BLUSHES

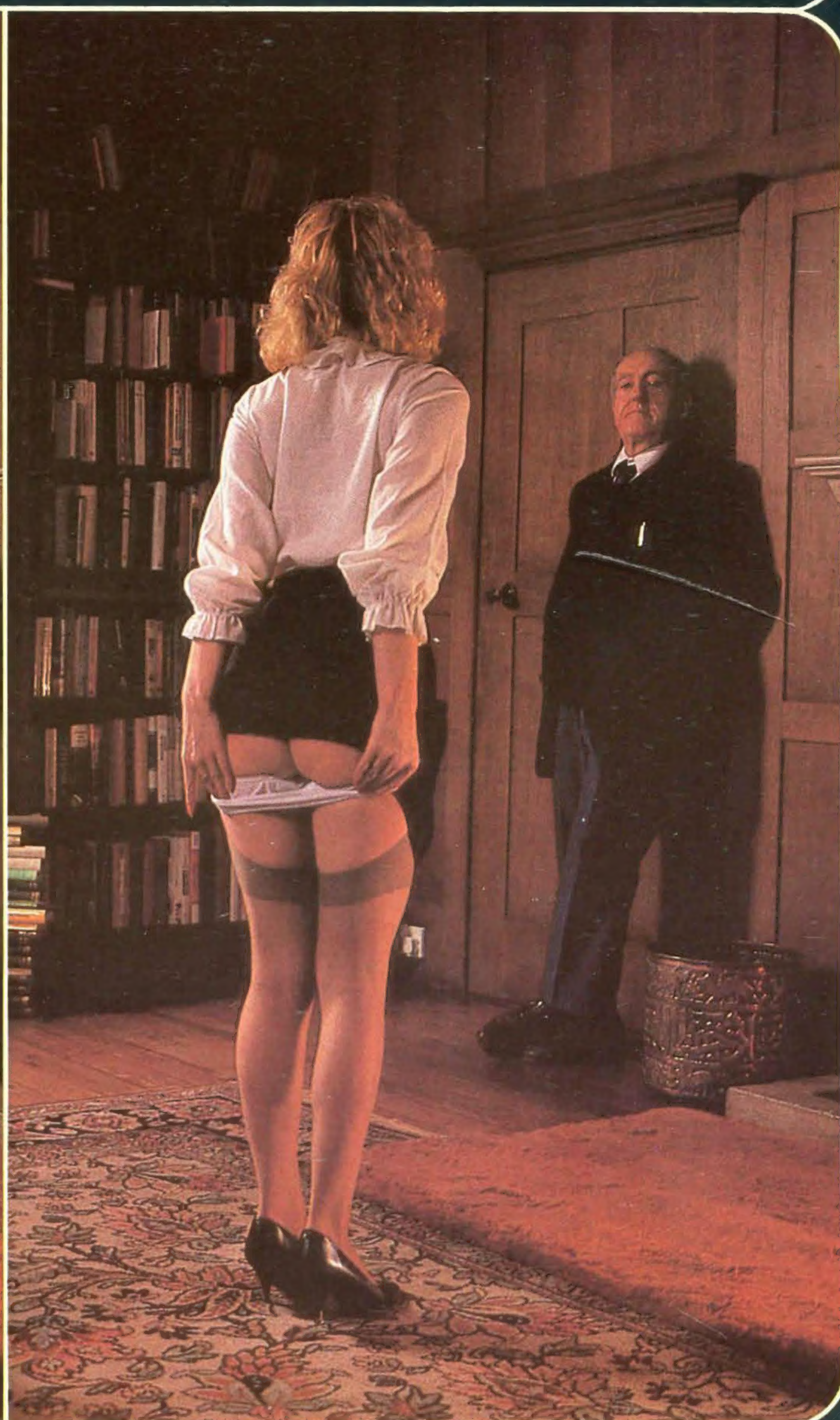
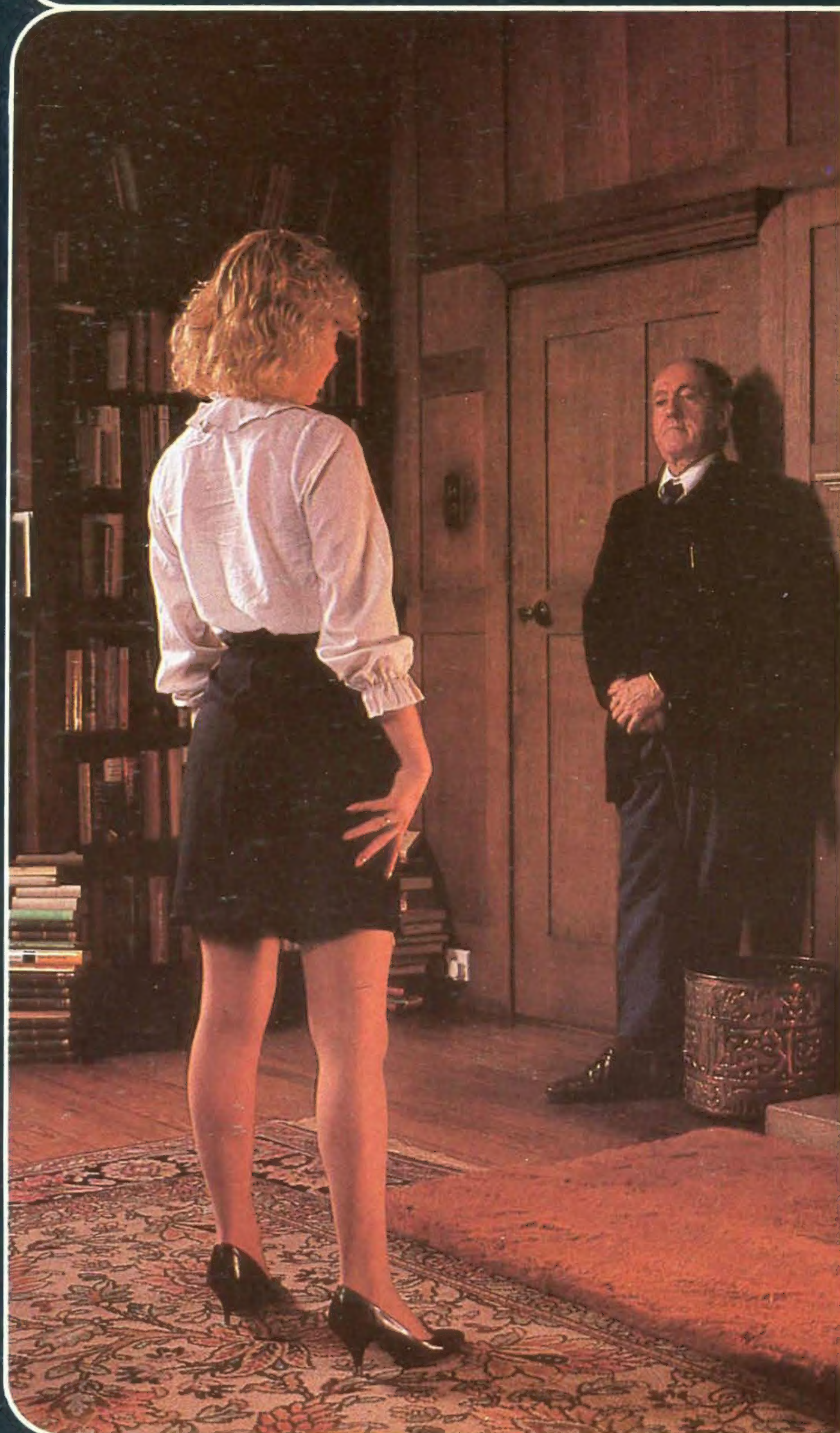
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# CARRIAGE AND POSTURE



**A**re you wearing knickers, Veronica?' Mr Mildmore smiled. 'I'm sure you are. All nice girls do, don't they. But would you take them off? Please.'

The eyes of the girl who was Veronica Casfield became sharply wider, rounder. Rather nice blue eyes with long lashes. In a pretty, softly-featured face framed in shortish blonde hair. A pretty girl with also a nice figure in blouse and skirt, stockings, sensible shoes with chunky heels. Her coat which she had worn on the train journey down here, and then in Mr Mildmore's car from the station, lay

on a chair by the window of this cosy room. Mr Mildmore had, not surprisingly, asked her, told her, to take her coat off. But now...The pretty face was flushing. No, he couldn't *really* have said that.

'Knickers, Veronica. You *are* wearing knickers?'

She nodded, numb.

'Well I want you to take them off. A girl's bottom, her buttocks, is all important in deportment. The muscles of the bottom are the main motive force in walking and also when you are standing upright. They are what keep

you upright and not slouching over in a bad position. I want your knickers off, Veronica, so that I can have a look at your bottom. The *gluteus maxima* in medical parlance.'

*'Deportment; dress sense; grooming. The three keys to self-confidence and success! Mr Austin Mildmore who has studied in Paris and Vienna can give a young lady that essential poise and confidence so necessary to success in the modern world. Short courses at very moderate prices.'*

Veronica's mother had seen the advertisement in a magazine and said it was just the thing for Veronica who



was 18 and hadn't gone to the sort of school where those subjects were on the curriculum. She had written off and, well, here Veronica was, this place of Mr Mildmore's down in the country. Hampshire. Standing in front of him in his nice cosy sitting room. And being told...

'Slip them off, please, Veronica.' His voice sharper now, perhaps slightly impatient with her just standing there, numb and dumb. Perhaps those girls in Paris or Vienna, well trained and obedient and maybe used to this, responded immediately. The thought was awful. And did he mean do it

here, in front of him?

Yes, Mr Mildmore did mean that. Veronica's hands went uncertainly to her skirt. Did her mother know she would be told to take her knickers off? But her mother had said, 'Pay careful attention and do exactly as







you're told, dear.' That had sounded all right at the time.

Veronica's hands were doing it, though. Up under her skirt they were at her knickers. Which were quite brief and white. Oh gosh! She was beginning to perspire. Mr Mildmore

sitting in front of her, eyes sharp, alert, expectant.

The white knickers appeared below the knee-length skirt. Slid on down for Veronica, red faced, to step awkwardly out of them. Reluctantly putting the little white bundle in Mr Mildmore's held-out hand. Oh cripes!

The feeling. Under her skirt. And the fact of course that he knew. No knickers.

'Now lift your skirt, Veronica. You can turn round but lift it, right up to your waist. We need to see the *gluteus maxima*.'

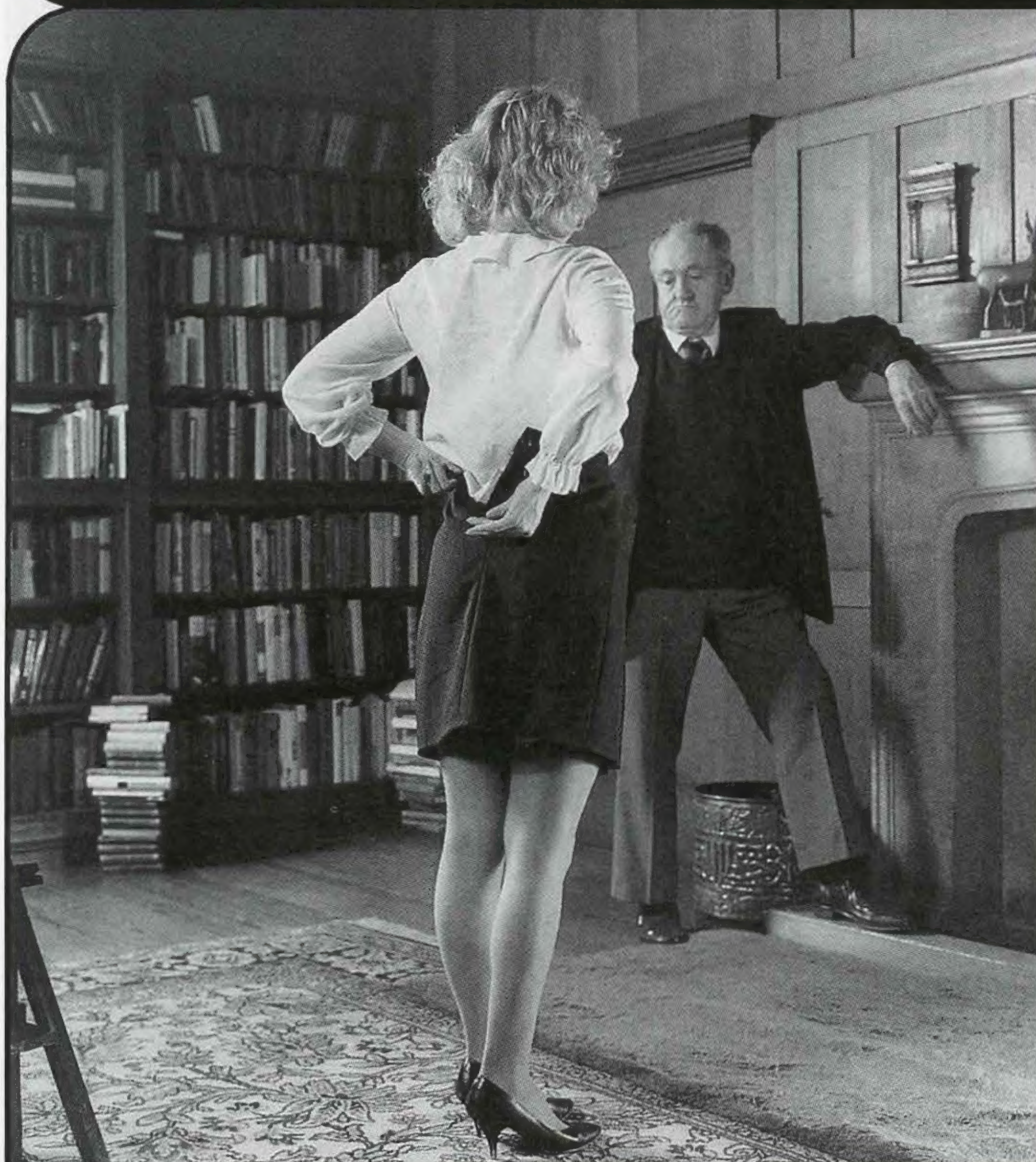


What was worse, front or turning away? Both seemed equally horrendous when you were a basically shy girl who had never dreamt of anything like this. And with Mr Mildmore a complete stranger whom she had only met half an hour ago, on the quiet little railway platform. Seemingly a

pleasant enough man chatting to her on the drive over. She had begun to lose some of the nervousness she had felt in anticipation of this weekend to be spent with a stranger, a strange man. But now...He had her knickers in his hand. And she had to show him *her bare bottom*.

Somehow lifting the skirt. Beige seamed stockings. With darker rims tight round the fullness of her thighs. 'Lift it right up, Veronica. Right up.'

Pale bare thighs above. White straps of a suspender belt showing at the flanks. Forcing herself to comply with











the explicit instructions. The twin pale moons of her bottom. The two *gluteus maximus* muscles if, as Mr Mildmore had noted, you wanted medical parlance. To non-medical eyes a beautiful, slightly trembly, just a little plump, girl's bottom.

Mr Mildmore had risen from his chair. To step briskly forward the two paces that separated him from his weekend guest. He was a firm believer in the rule which says don't give them time to think about it. His two hands took hold of Veronica's warm bare bottom. She couldn't believe it. What nicely brought up, inexperienced girl could? But Mr Mildmore's hands were clasping her bare buttocks. And he was saying things. Things she couldn't really hear, or take in, because her mind was only focussed on this unbelievable but nonetheless true fact that Mr Mildmore's hands *had hold of her*







*bare bum.* Were squeezing and jiggling the two cheeks. She couldn't hear what he was saying but then it became evident that he was repeating something. It filtered through!

*'Clench it, Veronica. I said clench your bottom. Let me feel the musculature.'*

Doing it. Somehow. Tightening the muscles of her buttocks. Which were in Mr Mildmore's hands. A cheek in each one. 'Tighten...Now relax...Tighten again.'

She was shaking. Shivering. Mr Mildmore finally let go. Stepped back a pace.

'Now I want you bending over. Feet wide apart and bending over to touch the floor. It is a wonderful stretching exercise. But take off your skirt first. We don't want it getting in the way.'

'No!' Veronica said weakly. 'No. I can't. I can't do that.' She had dropped her skirt down. His hands weren't





there but she could still feel them on her bottom. She couldn't agree to any more of this. What he had said...when you thought about it, was impossible. Austin Mildmore, though, was used to girls saying no and knew how to deal with it. It was a question of who had the stronger personality and will — and after all if a girl had been sent to him to be taught deportment, etcetera, there was no point in letting her say no, she didn't want to co-operate. He stepped over to the side of the room and came smartly back. With a cane in his hand.

'You have been sent here for a pur-

pose, Veronica. To learn something of deportment and grooming and such matters. I don't imagine your mother would be very impressed to hear that you spent the weekend being silly and saying no to what I require. Do you? So *take the skirt off* and get into the position I have requested. Or I shall give that bottom *a warming up with this cane* that you will *not* enjoy.'

They tended to react all in the same way when presented with this harsh statement of what was what. Wide-eyed and stunned as they took in the reality of the cane. And then submitting. Shocked acceptance. No 18-year

old girl wants to be caned and from Austin Mildmore's no-nonsense tones it would seem clear he was capable of carrying out his threat. Veronica Casfield was no exception to this. Hesitating, then her hands going to her skirt. Sliding it down. The horror of standing there in just blouse and stockings and suspender belt. And that of course was not all...

'That's a good girl. And now legs apart. Nice and wide. And bend over to touch the floor.'

You could imagine what this position would mean. In terms of what would









be seen, on display. It did not need much imagination at all. Her mind cried out that she couldn't do it...but at the same time there was the awful fact of Mr Mildmore behind her with that cane in his hand. That cane and her bottom quite bare. She *had* to do it.

'Wider. Nice and wide. And right down with your head.'

Ah yes. They didn't like it, of course, this position. Austin Mildmore gazed at what was so unwillingly revealed.

'Stay down. Hold that.' For a well brought up girl it was an awful, awful thing. Every detail on display and she







knew it. All the inner secret charms opened up by this spread, stretched posture. It was of course a form of submission, showing herself like this, and they needed to be submissive. That was a lesson a girl had to learn. Together with all the deportment and grooming. Submission to the male: a

key to success in a young woman's life.

'Good. Stand up now, Veronica.'

Her body arching up. The trembling legs coming desperately together. She still of course had no skirt or knickers

on.

'Turn round then. Let's see you.'

The pretty face scarlet; from her bent-over position but also no doubt for other reasons. The thought of what Mr Mildmore had been gazing





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at: what Veronica was now shyly covering with one hand.

'Hands at your sides, Veronica. Stand up straight with hands at the sides. That is how we develop a good posture.'

She reluctantly took her hand away from it: that quite luxuriant bush of brown hair at the top of her thighs. Telling herself that Mr Mildmore seeing it wasn't half as bad as the view he'd had moments earlier. Forcing herself to stand straight. It wasn't at all nice but it was nothing like as bad as...Don't think about that...

'Come here. A bit closer.' Mr Mildmore was sitting again now. Veronica went hesitantly forward.

'Do you ever...mmm...trim it, my dear?' His hand came out. A whimpering sound from Veronica. 'Just a light trim now and them?' Mr Mildmore continued as his fingers lightly held her. There. 'I don't mean shaving, of course. But an occasional trim perhaps. It gives a nice neat appearance. And that's all part of grooming. Isn't it, my dear?'

Mr Mildmore let go. It was just as well, before her knees gave way and she simply collapsed. His hand. There. Seemingly unaware of the havoc his fingers had wrought, he was

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getting up. Walking over to a shelf. This time it was a book he had in his hand when he came back.

'Now the posture, Veronica. Carriage and posture. You've got your skirt and knickers off so we can get a good view of everything. Balance the book on your head. Standing still first of all. And then walking with a nice easy, graceful motion.'

Mr Mildmore handed her the book and Veronica numbly placed it on her head. She let go of it — and it slid off, down onto the floor. Perhaps this wasn't surprising given the way her whole body was shaking. It was all...well, Veronica had simply never expected any of this awful business. She automatically bent down for the book. And...

'Aaaiioooww!'

The cane as she bent had cracked smartly in across her ripe bare bottom. A hard, stinging cut.

'Aaaooowww!' she yelled again, both hands clasping the smarting flesh.

Mr Mildmore's voice calm and urbane: 'I forgot to mention, Veronica.

We will operate a system of little penalties. As an incentive to do well. That wasn't very good at all, was it? Take your hands away.'

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Veronica removed the rubbing hands.

*'Aaaiieekkk!'*

The cane had come stinging in again. Just as hard as the first time and just about on top of that first awful cut. Veronica's hands jerking automatically

back again to her burning buttocks.

*'Don't! Stoppit. You can't...'*

Tears in her eyes. Of pain and also shock, disbelief — that he could do such a thing. 'You can't,' she squeaked again, but more quietly. Because, well, she couldn't really stop him.

'Of course I can, Veronica. I can do what I like to you whilst you're here. Within reason, but then I decide what is reasonable. The trouble with young girls nowadays is that you don't want to take discipline. But whilst you're here you will. What I should really do is bend you over and give you a



good dozen, for impertinence. Twelve or so good hard ones with the cane.'

Mr Mildmore didn't do that though.

What he did instead was take Veronica over his lap. Face down and her bare bottom nicely over his trousered thighs. And then give that

pretty bottom, with its now two red stripes from the cane, a good hard spanking. His hand repeatedly splatting down on the soft cheeks, on the tender backs of her thighs above the stocking tops. It was really quite dreadful. Although in terms of pain alone perhaps 12 strokes of the cane would have been worse.

With that Austin Mildmore was ready to start his young guest's weekend proper. She had been given the shock introduction that he always liked to give a girl at the very beginning. So that she knew who was in charge and realised that her stay was going to be very uncomfortable if she didn't co-











operate in every way. Veronica was brushing more tears from her wet, flushed face when she was finally pushed upright.

'All right?' enquired Mr Mildmore.  
'Enjoy that, did you?'

What could a girl say? Mr Mildmore was getting to his feet.

'Now we'll have a little break. I think you've got the idea. Or I hope you have. Work hard and do just as you are told. That way you'll get the full benefit. All right, my dear?'

Mr Mildmore put an arm round her waist. 'Now we'll have our little break, as I say. A little stroll outside in the garden.'

His hands had somehow slipped down from her waist. It was jiggling a



cheek of Veronica's bottom. But clearly it wasn't worth complaining, or trying to inch away.

Outside Veronica tried to show interest in the garden but it wasn't easy. She was still virtually nude below the waist. No skirt, no knickers. Mr

Mildmore had said no, she couldn't put them back on. He was still watching her carriage, the way she walked. The action of the *gluteus maxima*.

Later, after their stroll, he had her back indoors again, book-balancing. Up and down a set of library steps, his cane swishing in at her bottom at

each and every excuse, until he declared that he'd had enough of her 'lack of enthusiasm'. He put her bottom-up across the steps and gave her the 'twelve good hard ones with the cane' which, as he'd said, he should have given her to start off with.

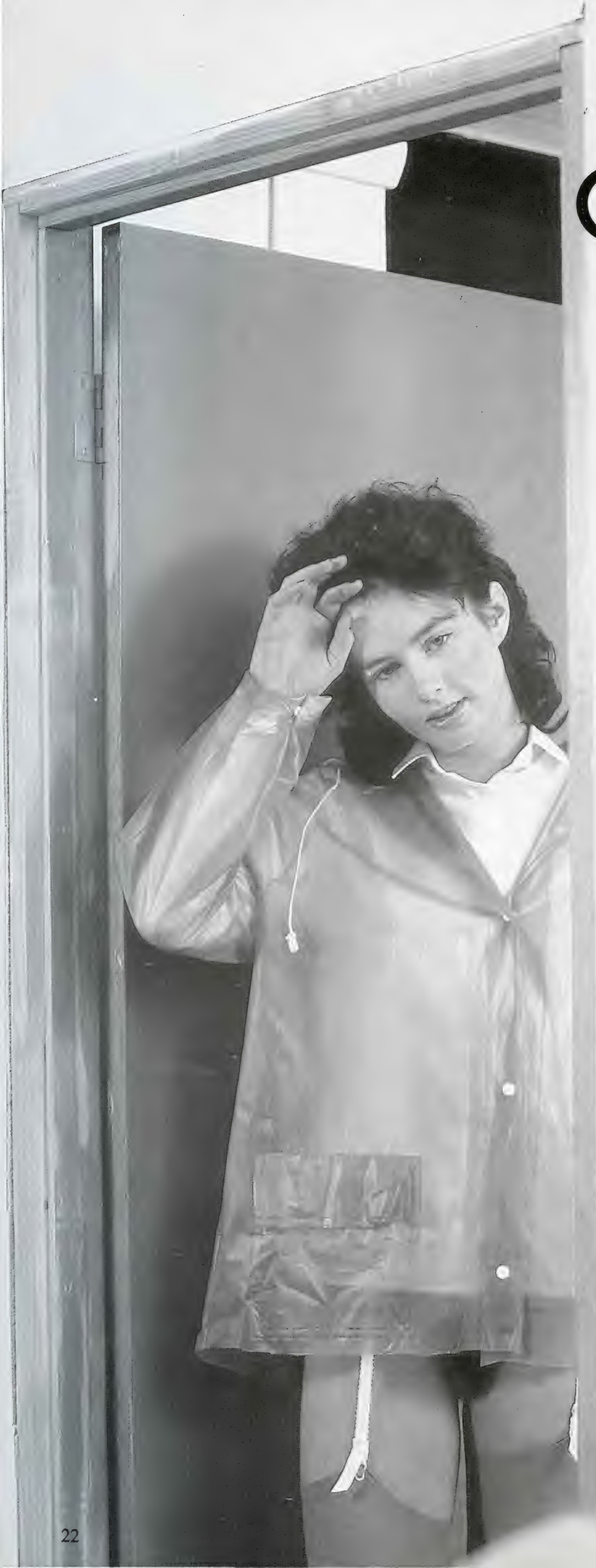




# CUSTOM CAR HIRE

Ten o'clock on a wet Thursday evening in February just has to be the worst time in the life of an ageing, penurious bachelor. Thus the reflections of Cyril Regis, ageing penurious bachelor of no certain address, as he brooded over the impressive bank of telephones — all of them contemptuously silent — of Custom Car Hire. Once divorced and once stood up at the registry office, Cyril was going nowhere at the speed of light and knew it. Such pleasures as he enjoyed nowadays were few and fleeting and, some might say, a trifle esoteric — not to mention, very often, more damn trouble than they turned out to be worth.

Controller of all I survey, he mused — to wit, four silent telephones, one base radio of uncertain reliability, one grotty office, and, somewhere out there in the dripping darkness, three of Custom Car Hire's finest. Which thought brought him to the evening's indubitable remaining pleasure — the return of Susan, one of the company's much-touted Charismatic Chauffettes!







So — two of the Granadas somewhere in Birmingham until the small hours, in the capable hands of male chauffeurs — and one white Jag, due back any minute with the delectable Susan at the wheel. An exultant smile trickled across Cyril's features as he recalled occasions on which he had been empowered to investigate the shortcomings of the other chauffettes — Tracy, Wendy and Jasmin. His skinny shoulders shook with silent glee, for now the last and most elusive of the quartet had fallen into his clutches, and she was, without doubt, the tastiest little morsel of the bunch. She had the brain-power of a turnip, of course, but what did that signify? Because she was nineteen, dark of hair and elfin of feature, and gifted with legs and an arse that were the raw material of a wet dream. And Cyril knew that when she came through the door she was going to be minus her skirt and knickers!

What more suitable garb could there be for the little entertainment Cyril had planned for himself?

A phone call a few minutes earlier from Sir James Turner, star client of the company and prize bum-feeler and shit-stirrer, had alerted him to the evening's possibilities, and as he dozed in the stuffy room he toyed with the endless opportunities for chasteisement offered by female chauffeurs who didn't know a sex-change from an oil-change. Cyril and Sir James understood one another's interests very well, and Susan was in for the shock of her life!

He was jerked into wakefulness by the sound of the outer door opening, quickly followed by the flinging open of the inner door, which was about three feet from his somnolent nose.

'Do you mind?' he mumbled reflexively, but

already his mind was slipping into overdrive and his libido leapt at the sight confronting him — Susan, dripping, delectable, distraught — and at his mercy! Also, as per specification, minus her skirt and knickers.

Cyril was afforded the opportunity of a lifetime to observe at close quarters, without the restriction of anything more substantial than sheer stockings, the erotic sweep of her long slim legs all the way to the fluffy triangle of curls peeping coyly beneath the hem of a transparent green plastic raincoat reaching only to her hips. (And where the hell had she found *that*, he wondered parenthetically). She still wore her white uniform blouse beneath the incongruous outer wrapping, but her only other garments were a garter-belt and high-heeled black shoes, both of which items served to enhance the perfection of her legs and her vulnerability.

He spoke in the bored tone she was accustomed to, pretending total oblivion to the bizarre picture she presented. 'Job go alright, then, did it?'

'No, it bloody well didn't!'

'It didn't?' Dripping irony.

'D...don't you notice anything...well, different about me?'

'Different?' Cyril skewered her on a cold stare and smiled. 'You are a bit damp, I suppose.' He glanced pointedly at the floor: 'Dripping all over the place, too.'

'Damp!' squeaked Susan indignantly, 'Damp! I've lost my bloody skirt and knickers, Cyril!'

'A bit careless, that,' came the solemn reply, for Cyril was beginning to enjoy himself. 'I can remember you losing Piccadilly a couple of times, and Croydon, but I don't think you've ever actually lost your essentials on the job before, now you mention it. Not that I wouldn't say it's an improvement...' And his hand snaked out with lechery aforethought and stroked the firm perfect roundness of bare thigh inches away.

'That bloody Sir James has them!' Susan had less guile than a newly-hatched tadpole, but on the brief drive back to the office she had been prey to a sinking feeling that it was she who was in trouble and not her tormentor. The silky smoothness of Cyril's tone confirmed her worse suspicions, and now the frightened girl burst into tears.

Cyril restrained a jocular impulse to remark that there was quite enough moisture about already, and let her get on with it for a few moments, whiling away the time with visual games. Then, adopting a newly-avuncular tone, he patted the corner of the desk beside him. 'Sit here, Susan. Stop snuffling, and tell me how a big girl like you comes to lose her unmentionables in the service of the company.'

Gingerly Susan perched on the corner of the desk, rubbing her eyes with her fists, trying to ignore the questing fingers that were probing the upper regions of her exposed thighs. It took the best part of ten minutes for the story to come out, for there were frequent pauses for further sniffs and snuffles, but Cyril was quite content to let her take her time. There was no hurry, and the peregrinations of his hand were distraction enough to stave off any boredom resulting from the fact that he already knew the whole saga. For hadn't he and Sir James chortled over the foolishness of a girl who didn't understand why



she had been hired in the first place? 'So,' Cyril summarised. 'Let's see if I've got it right. Sir James 'got fresh' as you put it, when you got asked into the house for a drink after the job. So you panicked, and slapped his face, and ran for it, inadvertently leaving behind two valuable items of company property. Is that right?'

'Ye..yes,' replied Susan miserably. 'Are you aware of company policy with regard to accepting drinks from clients while on duty?'

'Y...yes, of course, but...'

Susan lapsed into silence, certain now that she was in serious trouble — that somehow, in a world run by and for men, she was going to emerge as the guilty party.

'Susan,' said Cyril calmly, 'Why the hell d'you think you little scrubbers were hired in the first place? Why d'you think Gallagher's mortgaged his girlfriend's pussy to pay for those stupid costumes you prance about in — not to mention the cars? Because you're young and slim and sexy — and because the punters see it that way! Grow up, girlie. You're hired to pull all the dirty old men, and to keep'em pulled, by all means at your disposal. And I'll tell you why' — he punctuated with his fingers, digging cruelly into the soft yielding woman-flesh beneath his hand —

'Because you're a bit of crumpet, skirt, twat!! for God's sake, and you're to let the dirty old rich sods do whatever takes their fancy!'

'W...what?' Susan was beginning to twig that her earlier feelings of unease had been well-founded.

She was in it this time, and no mistake.

'What's more,' continued Cyril inexorably, 'If Gallagher didn't make it crystal clear what you were getting into when he hired you, he wants stuffing as well, though God knows I wouldn't want to be the one to do it. Company policy, as far as you're concerned, is to let'em do what they want, short of rape, to that pretty tail of yours and you will obey company policy — understood?'

'I...I never realised — I thought it was a proper job — this time,' the girl said in sudden complete realisation, knowing not for the first time the misery of being attractive and female in a world dominated by men.

Cyril's hand took advantage of her confusion to squeeze gently, with an exact pressure born of practice, on the soft yielding flesh under his palm. This one was, indeed, a prize worth the capture.

'You must know how important Sir James is to the company,' said Cyril 'And the proprietor will have to be informed, in accordance with company policy.' He reached decisively for one of the silent telephones.

Susan gave a satisfying squeak of fright: 'Oh, no, not tonight!'

She covered his hand on the phone — the other one appeared to be leading some secret life of its own, but she was scarcely aware of it now, thinking only of the rent due on her bedsit, of the threatening letter from her bank, of the impossibility of getting another job without a reference.

'Mr Gallagher will not be amused,' intoned Cyril.

'But he'll be even less amused if he gets it from old Turner, which he undoubtedly will tomorrow morning.'



Abject silence from the girl; triumph in Cyril's eye.

'The old sod's already been on the phone y'know — threatening everything you can think of, and a few things you probably can't.'

'On the phone — to you!'

'Oh, yes — I am the controller you know, in complete charge in Mr Gallagher's absence.' Cyril let the unspoken implication linger between them, and felt in the slump of the girl's body the unmistakeable signs of defeat.

Susan was dimly aware that the hand she had captured on the phone had somehow escaped her and was rummaging busily between her breasts, but at least it wasn't dialling Gallagher's number. Cyril's breath was coming in funny harsh gasps, and she began to wish she had taken more notice of the giggled remarks that the other girls had made about him. What was it Tracy had said the other day — the old bugger had got her out of trouble when she's bent her car, but he'd made her smart for it? Now what could that mean? She reviewed her pathetic little store of information about the vagaries of the male animal. For, like so many of her generation, her apparently assertive sexuality consisted in equal parts of bravado and ignorance, laced with no more than a dash of actual experience. Cyril was talking again, one hand buried deep between her thighs, almost touching her pussy, the other fondling a nipple that even through her bra was responding in a most disconcerting manner.

'We're going to have to apologise to Sir James, you know — or else.'

So that was it, she thought dully. I give him what



he wants, and he gets me off the hook with old Turner. So what does it matter? So he's a middle-aged mess, so he's short, scrawny and probably loathsome — what about those silly sods I've had it with so far, in the backs of cars and falling off the end of couches at parties — was that so wonderful? Hot flesh, sweat and stickiness?

'What do you want me to do?'

'First you must understand.' 'And Cyril stood, moving first to the door to snap the lock, then to the window to drop the venetian blind.

'Understand?' Susan repeated dumbly.

'Tomorrow, if Sir James is amenable, you will perform your act of absolution.' He paused, and





she was mesmerised as he came towards her, an inexorable force, all that lay between her and penury. 'Tonight will be your act of contrition.'

Still poised on the edge of the desk she hesitated, confused.

'Stand!' he commanded, and like an automaton she stood; her thighs felt the scorch of his gaze and she no longer cared, so long as she could just survive.

In silence he took her by the hands and turned her, bending her over the battered desk and revealing the tautened pale glow of her ripe young arse in all its defencelessness.

'You are beautiful, but foolish,' he declared, feeling his price rise to the incantation. 'A beautiful, foolish girl, that has to be taught and chastised.'

The silence between them rang with menace, his hands devoured her, and she broke first, as he knew she must: 'Y...yes, I have to be taught.'

'And chastised!'

'And chastised,' she repeated dully, still not comprehending, her mind cascading confused erotic memories of past encounters — would he be big, would he take long, would it hurt as it always did?

'Chastised!!!' His voice boomed in her ear, and sudden stinging pain lanced through her upturned buttocks, a pain so unexpected, so unfamiliar that at first she thought it was imagined. But then again it came — the pain! — and this time she squealed and flailed her protest, legs scything in vain against the unimaginable force pressing her to the rough surface of the desk.

'You will cease your struggles, or you will be further punished.'

The voice coming from the red haze above her was devoid of emotion, like that of a priest at the altar.

For the first time she felt the tingle of real physical fear down her spine. Was he a maniac? Was he going to kill her?

She ceased her struggles, howling and shrieking her agony and humiliation as the ferocious blows continued to fall, and at last she understood completely.

Half-unconscious from pain and fright, she felt herself being heaved onto the desk and forced into a kneeling position, and she was powerless to resist, whimpering 'D...do what you want...'

'I will, you little slut — I will!!!'

And the blows rained on her quivering nates once more, and the pain was unbearable, but almost as unbearable was the strange heat that suffused her exposed body as she found herself, incredibly, arching to meet each stroke as it fell.

'You will obey, you will obey!' The whisper of command hissed into her ear, his hands mauled at her breasts, tearing aside the flimsy coverings and exposing aching leaping nipples as she mewled and moaned and arched and wept.

Cyril was exultant, for at last he had this little cow just where he wanted her — spreadeagled at his mercy with her hot pussy beginning to melt to his touch. What a body — what bliss!

Tomorrow he would take her over to old Turner's place, and serious fun could be had in the seclusion of the local great man's detached house. For old Turner's inclinations exactly matched his own, and his fat sow of a wife always went to the opera or the theatre on certain evenings. Turner wouldn't be making any trou-

ble, but of course this silly bitch wasn't to know that. And the thought of the delights of the morrow, and the many polaroid souvenirs to come, fuelled his present energies and he bent to his task with renewed vigour.

'And that's for being such a slut...'

WHACK!

'Aeeiii!!!'

'And that's for me...'

THWAACKKK!

'Owww...www!!'

'And that for Sir James!'

WHACK!

Each hissed expletive was punctuated with the delicious echoing THWACK! as his hand found its soft, glowing target. He timed and aimed his blows with the accuracy of a devoted perfectionist, and the perfectly-formed cheeks glowed first ethereal pink, finally an angry red.

Susan howled and squirmed and sobbed, yet still her body seemed to have a life of its own, to have a will that was stronger than she was, driving her to rise towards each blow even as she shrank from it. The pain went on, unbearable, wonderful — her breasts and belly and loins burned with some strange unimagined inner light, the tops of her thighs ran with her juices. She felt him roll her body against his, hugging her close to him, she felt the monstrous protuberance as his rampant shaft pressed against her, and even now the blows continued, her nipples ached to the pull and twist of his greedy fingers.

'You will obey, you will obey!' he mumbled, over and over, his eyes feasting in the dim light on the glow of the firm young body that was his now. If only this could go on and on, if only. But the sight of those thighs, that incredible arse, glowing now like a beacon to guide him through the night — it was all too much, and he knew that soon now it would all be over and he would want nothing more than never to set eyes on her again — until the next time. There she lay, arching towards him, wanting it, wanting *him*, wanting more, *more*. But in seconds there would be no will left to give it.

Burying hands between the luminous dangling wonders of her tits and the oozing running depths of her he mumbled as his spasms shook him: 'You will obey, obey, obey...'

Whimpering in pain and mingled shocking passion Susan gave the answer he needed to hear, and with a final writhing convulsion he let it go, his power gushed from him, and he flung the girl to the floor in a spreadeagle of arms and legs.

Numbed, her body flayed, Susan inhaled the animal reek of her own unsuspected passion.

'Tomorrow,' he was saying, 'You will come with me, and together we will apologise to Sir James Turner on behalf of the company.'

She felt the quiver of fear deep within her belly, but still she wondered — would it be like this again? Would she be at once defiled and delighted?

'Yes,' she found herself saying, submission in her tone, but wondering triumph too. And looking up to meet his staring eyes, she deliberately parted her thighs, spreading herself with her fingers and savouring her own sticky depths. 'You should have put it there, Cyril — you've wasted it,' she told him, female flesh triumphant.



# POSTURE AND DISCIPLINE



Veronica struggling, weeping, blubbering; bottom squirming, breaths coming in short gasps, legs kicking, hair tossing. A funny lump pressing up under her tummy. Her legs spreading wide, thoughtlessly, immodestly, Mr Mildmore's hand spanking and stinging her bum...

An hour later Veronica was standing straight and erect with her back to the fire. Or her bottom. Because it was her bottom that could feel the direct rays of the flickering flames. Her back was covered, in the tight little vest which reached no further down

than her slim waist. And as the little vest was all she had on that meant that the ipe swell of her bottom was quite bare. The cheeks glowing pleasantly — as they had glowed earlier, but not so pleasantly. Mr Mildmore's elegant sitting room with the books along one wall and that cosy fire glowing in the stone fireplace. Just Veronica standing still and straight in Mr Mildmore's sitting room.

'Stand there until I come back,' Mr Mildmore had told her. 'Stand straight and still and erect without

moving a muscle.' He had slid his hand lovingly over Veronica's nude bottom. 'Without a tremor of these splendid *gluteus maxima*. Can you do that?'

Veronica had said 'Yes, Mr Mildmore' though the hand fondling her bare nates made her bottom want to tremble and squirm anyway. She was not used to having her bare bottom fondled by a man. Nor was she used to standing in front of one, wearing only a waist-length vest so that her pussy was also quite bare. There was that instinctive urge that a





girl feels to put her hand in front of it in the same way that there was an instinctive need to recoil away from the bottom-fondling hand. But Mr Mildmore was extremely sharp about that sort of thing. You had to keep your hands at your sides — unless it happened that he told you to put them on your head. A girl had to learn to let her body be free and natural. That was one of the basics of good deportment and carriage. That was why Veronica was wearing only the vest, so that her body could be free and natural.

And if you found all this difficult to

accept Mr Mildmore was more than ready to drive the message home with his cane. That quite sickening rattan cane.

Veronica shivered at the thought of the cane even more than she shivered at Mr Mildmore's intimate hand. She had never *dreamt* of a cane, not in all of her 18 years. Not until she arrived here at Mr Mildmore's elegantly attractive place down in Hampshire. But when she had arrived, this morning, it had at once become an awful reality. Being caned and being spanked. On her bare bottom because right away Mr Mildmore had made her

take her knickers off.

Making her go about in just her blouse and stockings and suspender belt. No skirt or knickers, they had to be off so that the action of her *gluteus maximus* muscles could be fully observed by Mr Mildmore. Mr Mildmore was dreadfully keen on the *gluteus maximus* muscles — or as you might more commonly refer to it, Veronica's hindquarters, her bottom. He was dreadfully keen on watching it (or them). And equally keen, at the slightest excuse, of getting his hand or cane to work, with a devastating effect.





A girl's bottom, he had told her, those *gluteus maximus* muscles, was the essential key to good deportment.

It formed the very fulcrum of a young woman's every movement. And Veronica was here to be taught that. The advertisement that Veronica's mother had replied to had also spoken of dress sense and grooming — but so far there had been no mention of these. It was discipline, Veronica's bare bottom in other words, he was so far exclusively concerned with. That was why she had just the little vest on, in the same way that it had been only her blouse and stockings earlier.

The little vest had come from the shop in the town, a short drive away.

Mr Mildmore had said at lunch that he wanted Veronica in something else as a change from the blouse and stockings. She had heard that with a silent scream of relief — but as it turned out what Mr Mildmore wanted was to be no better. he had looked through what Veronica had brought in her suitcase but decided none of that was suitable. She had a couple of tee-shirts but Mr Mildmore said they weren't tight enough. He wanted







something nice and tight. And of course short as well. So they had driven over to the town to get something. Veronica had been allowed to put her skirt back on for the journey but not any knickers. Mr Mildmore it seemed was very much against knickers at all times. A girl's bottom needed to have freedom without any tight constraint.

In the shop Veronica had to take all her clothes off and then try on the vests that the proprietor produced. Nude in that little back room with the two men intently watching as she

tried the vests on. That was almost as bad as being caned. Not quite though. Mr Mildmore had eventually decided on one two sizes smaller than what Veronica normally wore. A pretty little vest with a lace V-neck. But *very* short and tight.

That was the vest she had on now. As her sole garment. Standing in front of the fire in Mr Mildmore's sitting room and supposed to be not moving a muscle although that was not easy; in fact it was not really possible. Mr Mildmore had been gone about five minutes now. To his study

to do something or other. And then when he came back...

Well, presumably there would be more of that awful business. Carriage and Posture. Which seemed to be just an excuse to put Veronica in the most embarrassing positions — without skirt or knickers of course — and then spank or cane her bottom. There was the rest of today and then all of tomorrow to be endured. The prospect brought out little pin-pricks of perspiration on Veronica's glowing skin. Without thinking her hands went to the hem of the miniscule vest and









pulled it down in front — though of course there was no possible way it could be pulled down anywhere near her pussy. She was unthinkingly doing this when Mr Mildmore suddenly appeared. *Oh dear.*

*'What! What is this, Miss? Is that the position I left you in?'*

Mr Mildmore was striding towards her with an angry look on his face.

*'No...I mean...'* Veronica's hands had abruptly left her vest and come down at her sides again. She stood erect and straight once more. But clearly...

*'You seem to have no sense of discipline whatsoever, my girl. I can't leave you for two seconds. How can you hope to get anywhere. Eh?'*

With the *'Eh?'* Mr Mildmore's two hands came out, grabbed the hem of her vest and yanked it up. Right up above Veronica's tits. She gave a yelp, with her hands automatically coming up in front. Mr Mildmore smacked them away. Then took hold of her bare tits, one in each of his large hands.

*'Eh Miss? What's the answer?'*

His hands squeezing her tits made her feel all woosy. That same sort of sickly feeling as when earlier he had put his hand on her pussy. Veronica made a whimpering sound.

*'I...I...ooohhh...I wasn't thinking.'*

*'Wasn't thinking? What were you doing then? Day-dreaming? Day-dreaming about boys, I expect, Miss.'*

And then Mr Mildmore did that awful thing again. Took hold of her pussy.

His hand cupping it. Squeezing.

*'This, Miss. This is all young girls can think of, isn't it? Steamy thoughts about young men when what they are supposed to be doing is concentrating on the exercise. Isn't that it, Miss?'*

*Isn't it?'*

Veronica squirmed and gasped as his fingers did things to that most sensitive part of her body. Then he let go, and took hold of both her arms, holding them behind her back. Her two wrists held in one of Mr Mildmore's hands. Which left his other free...

*'Aaaooowww!'*

The hand was sharply spanking her bare bottom. *'We've got to...'*  
SMACK!







'Learn...' SMACK! 'To do...' SMACK! 'As we're....' SMACK! 'Told.' SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

'Haven't we, young lady?'

A further series of stinging smacks to the fire-warmed cheeks. Veronica was squealing and yelping and there were now tears sliding down her other cheeks. The full-blooded spanks on her fire-relaxed bottom were twice as painful as before and there was also what he had just done, seconds earlier, to those most sensitive regions. The tears just rolled out. A veritable flood.

'So, Miss. Will that remind you in future? That we must take what we are doing *seriously*. Eh?'

Mr Mildmore had finally stopped and let go of her. Veronica was sobbing, gasping for breath. She felt as if at any moment she would collapse in a heap on the floor.

'Will it, Veronica?' Mr Mildmore's hand took another squeeze at one of the still bared tits. She made a despairing 'Nnnnggghhh....' sound. It was not recognisable as anything but Mr Mildmore evidently decided it

was good enough. Or perhaps he thought that Veronica was not in a state to take any more.

'All right. That's good. We'll have a break then. You can go out in the kitchen and make a pot of tea. Bring it in here and we'll have a little break and then get to work again. But we



must do our very best, mustn't we, my dear?'

Mr Mildmore now sounded nice and friendly and *ordinary*. Which in a way made what he had just done all the more unbelievable. Veronica staggered out on jerky legs. Somehow she made the tea, still clothed in only the little vest pulled up above her tits.

She thought of pulling it down but then thought again. Mr Mildmore who jumped on her at the merest thing could easily use that as an excuse for..whatever he felt like doing next.

It is not easy to sit calmly and drink tea when you are dressed (or more accurately *not* dressed) like that. Not at all. Veronica's body tingling all over. From the spanking and from the other things — his hands which though she hated them there on her private-most places nonetheless had a very arousing effect. Sitting there opposite Mr Mildmore and trying to make polite conversation, but all too conscious of his sharp eyes on her bare boobs — their nipples unfortunately stiffened up — and on that brown bush of hair between her thighs.

How could her mother ever have sent her here? Veronica asked herself that for the hundredth time. The only answer was that she hadn't known, couldn't have guessed. And clearly Veronica would not be able to tell her. She would never be able to bring herself to breathe a word of this ordeal. What would she say then? She couldn't think; she would have to





make something up. What....?

'You're not dreaming again, Veronica?'

Oh dear. Her mind must have wandered off. 'No...no...'

'I said come here if you've finished your tea. Here by my chair.'

Veronica got up and went over. What now? Mr Mildmore made her kneel on the floor next to him. And told her to put her hands on her head.

'Arch your back. Push those things out. let me see some proper posture.'

Arching her tits out at him. Mr Mildmore's fingers flicking over the erect nipples.

'You were dreaming again, young lady. Dear me. It seems you can't learn.'

The fingers flicked again. Briefly tweaking each nipple. 'It looks as if we need something more, eh young lady?'

'Something more' was over his lap again. Face down in front of that cosy fire. Veronica's full haunches squarely across Mr Mildmore's thighs. A bit of preliminary fondling and then his hand cracking down. She heard herself squeal out. It wasn't 20 minutes since that last spanking.

Squealing and then as it continued sobbing as well. Because Mr Mildmore knew how to *really hurt* you.

When he had finished he hauled her to her feet and told her to go upstairs, to her room. He said he would be up shortly. He gave Veronica's trembling, glowing bottom a dismissive sharp smack.

In the little room, wiping at her eyes, Veronica looked around. At the bed, at her suitcase over by the wardrobe. What was she supposed to do? Get in bed? Mr Mildmore hadn't said. And she still had only the pulled-up vest on. If she didn't do just what Mr Mildmore wanted he would give her another spanking. Or worse. Worse? What was worse? She looked again at the bed.

Shivering Veronica went over and pulled the cover back and got in. About half a minute later she heard footsteps on the stairs. And then the door was opening.





# IRISH EYES



**A** fine looking girl, eh Commander?' Mrs Jacobs always called Charles Hadley Commander, though he had never risen higher in the Royal Navy than Petty Officer. For his part, Charles never corrected her; it was rather flattering to his ego.

'Yes...fine, fine,' he nodded in agreement. 'And, er...very well...should I say, well matured...for her age. Eighteen you say?' Ex-Petty Officer Hadley was looking at a pair of sizeable breasts bursting through a thin blouse. Either that garment had been bought purposely small or the girl had outgrown it.

'Eighteen is correct, Commander. Just eighteen...isn't that right, Maureen.'

'Yes, Mrs Jacobs.' The girl, cheeks rather flushed, looked nervously apprehensive under the combined gaze of these two middle-ages strangers.





'Is she honest?' asked Charles, eyes still roving over the girl's tits.

'Oh yes, Commander, you can be sure of that. All my girls are honest. I would not have them on the Agency's books if they weren't.'

'No...no...I suppose not...'

'I check up on them, you see. Family background. Reputation in the neighbourhood. All that sort of thing.'

Charles had heard it all before, since he frequently made use of Mrs Jacobs' Domestic Agency. It was the line of patter she usually put out in front of him and any new 'recruit'. Charles used her frequently, for he was inclined to 'get through' his domestic staff at quite a rate. 'I'm very glad to

hear it,' said Charles solemnly. 'There are quite a few valuables in this house.' He gave the girl a sharp, almost warning, look.

'As you will have gathered from Maureen's accent,' continued Mrs Jacobs, 'she is from Ireland. County Cork, actually.'

'Yes, indeed.' Most of the girls Mrs Jacobs produced were from remote parts of Southern Ireland. They were unsophisticated girls; it was more convenient like that. They were a long way from home and not liable to cause trouble, mainly because they held their elders — and certainly anyone in any official authority — in something like awe. Moreover, if need be, they could easily be bundled off back home, with no questions asked. A few pounds in the pocket of such a girl worked wonders. 'Discipline?' enquired



Charles suddenly.

'Strict,' replied Mrs Jacobs, looking at the girl, whose cheeks were now even more flushed. 'First, on account of her religious upbringing...'

'Yes...yes...but in the home?'

'Strict,' repeated Mrs Jacobs and Charles nodded in satisfaction. 'That is correct, is it not, Maureen?'





'Y-yes...Mrs Jacobs...' It was little more than a whisper.

'Father used to take his belt to her, whenever it was thought necessary.'

'Ahh...and your mother, Maureen?' enquired Charles. The girl looked confused and turned to Mrs Jacobs as if for help.

'Speak up, girl!' snapped the plump, school-marmish woman. 'Mr Hadley won't eat you.'

No, thought Charles, I won't eat her, especially since there would appear to be plenty of alternatives available. The swell of the hips was clearly to be seen under a shortish skirt and gave promise of attractive buttocks. He had not yet had an opportunity of examining them properly. The nervous eyes were lowered.



'A...a...hairbrush...' came the answer.

'Aaahhh...' intoned Charles again. Things were going very well; once again Mrs Jacobs seemed to have made an excellent choice. She was, of course, very well aware of his requirements. She charged high, but she delivered the goods. That suited Charles well.

'We run a tight ship here, Maureen,' said Charles in brisk naval fashion. 'A well-disciplined ship, if you follow me?'



Still the eyes were lowered, fingers twisted at her sides. 'Answer Mr Hadley, Maureen' ordered Mrs Jacobs sharply. Charles quietly enjoyed the girl's shy reluctance.

'Yes...Sir...' she managed.

'I expect smartness at all times, Maureen, and my instructions to be carried out to the letter.' Maureen said nothing.

'You understand what Mr Hadley means about this being





a well disciplined household, Maureen?' enquired Mrs Jacobs. 'Head up, girl, and answer me!'

Maureen raised her head. Her eyes appeared to be rather moist. She was not exactly pretty but was by no means unattractive. The bloom of youth certainly helped. She gulped. 'Yes...yes...I th-think so, Mrs Jacobs...'

Mrs Jacobs snorted. 'Only think so, my girl?' She looked at Charles. 'What it means is,' she went on, 'if he thinks it is warranted, Mr Hadley will act just as your mother and father have always done. It is often much the best thing with girls of your age.'

Maureen went scarlet and momentarily covered her mouth with her hand. Charles nodded sagely. He was pleased to note that the girl made no protest and seemed still perfect-

ly prepared to accept the post offered. Twenty five pounds a week and all found. Cheap at the price! Mrs Jacobs, thank goodness, had an uncanny knack of finding them.

'Perhaps you'd sign this document then, Mr Hadley...'

'Document?' Charles looked innocent, as if he'd never done such a thing before.

'It transfers Maureen from my protection to your care and control. That was the arrangement I made with her parents.'

Charles looked cursorily at the document, then signed. 'There you are then...'

'Maureen has to sign too. Even though she is over legal age, it is preferable we have a signature to the agreement.'





# TEARS



'Quite so.' Charles pushed the document over to the girl and handed her a pen. Maureen looked too bewildered even to read the document. Studiedly she appended her signature...Maureen Flaherty.

All was nicely cut and dried. An understanding little smile passed between Charles and Mrs Jacobs. 'I'll put a cheque in the post,' said the 'Commander'.

'No hurry.' The Commander's credit was cast iron. 'Now, you be a good girl, Maureen. Then there'll be no trouble. Look after Mr Hadley well and write to your parents at least once a month.'

If you're still here after a month, said Charles to himself. Some couldn't last the course. Others, however, had stayed three times that long. This could be one like that. Strong,







used to discipline, naive; yes, this could very well be one.

'Goodbye, Mrs Jacobs,' said Charles, rising politely and opening the sitting room door. 'And thank you for your assistance.'

'Thank you, Mr Hadley,' came the smiling reply. 'I'll just show Maureen where her room is and give her her uniform. Top of the house as usual, is it?'

'That's right. Oh...and Maureen...when you've changed, come back down here please.' The door closed and Charles strolled over and poured himself a large drink. Irish Whiskey.

\* \* \*

As before, now in her uniform, Maureen's youthful body filled everything out nicely. A button at the top of the plain white blouse looked as if it was about to give up the struggle at any moment. The skirt was shorter than the one the girl had been wearing previously, and some firm, well-formed limbs were on display. Stockings too; Charles, seated in an armchair, studied the girl standing before him.



'I want to get this matter of discipline clear at the outset, Maureen,' he said.

'I'm not a harsh man, but I do insist on efficiency. My naval background, I suppose.'

Not that, then, I was able to have any backsliders flogged, he reflected. Just docked them shore leave. 'Give me that, and we shall get on fine. Right?'

'V-very good, Sir...I'll do my b-best...' Certainly quite respectful. None of that cheeky arrogance one got in so many youngsters these days. He put it down to her religious upbringing and her parents' strict handling. Just showed the merits of such a regime.

'However,' he went on weightily, 'if I do not get that efficiency, I shall have to take appropriate action.' Charles got up and went to the sideboard. He opened a drawer and took out a strap, hearing a gasp as he did so. 'Not a belt, Maureen,' he said, displaying it to her, 'but it serves the same purpose.' He saw her looking agitated, obviously resolving then and there to be a model of efficiency. Poor dear, she





didn't know how high his standards were! 'And, for more serious offences...' He produced a cane and laid it on top of the sideboard. This time, the gasp was louder. 'Have you ever been caned, Maureen?'

'No...oh...n-no, Sir!' came the shocked answer.

Charles took up the cane and flexed it. 'It hurts a lot,' he assured her. 'More than a strap. More than a belt...and certainly more than a hairbrush.' He picked up both implements and put them away in the drawer. It seemed to him that the point had been well and truly made. The girl's eyes were round with apprehension.

What could the girl do, though, but remain? She knew no one in the country and was scared stiff of anyone in authority. The only person she knew was Mrs Jacobs...who was hardly likely to befriend her!

'Run along now, Maureen, and give some consideration to



what you'll give me for supper. I'll have it in the dining room in an hour's time.'

'Very well...S-Sir...' The girl turned to go.

'Oh Maureen,' said Charles. 'When you leave a room, or enter it, I like you to curtsy.' He smiled. 'Just a little matter of discipline.'

Looking bewildered again, Maureen dropped a kind of curtsey, then hurried off. It made her tits bounce nicely, thought Charles.

Charles ate his meal and read the evening paper whilst doing so. It was plain fare well cooked. He did not intend to make any complaint at that stage anyway. Tomorrow would be soon enough. Maureen had been dismissed to eat in the kitchen. After she had cleared away and washed up, she would be permitted to go up to her room. Early to bed, early to rise. Maureen had to get up at six to start her chores. Still, she was probably used to early rising, he reflected.

As was his custom, Charles did his 'rounds' at eleven a.m. the following morning. It was a tour of inspection of the whole house which, by then, was supposed to be in apple-pie

order. Indeed, this morning it more or less was, except that Maureen had neglected to attend to her own room.

He summoned her to the living room, where she had first met him the previous day. Maureen looked pale and very much on tenterhooks, giving him quick little glances to see if she could ascertain what the situation might bring forth. 'Not a bad effort for a beginner,' he said. Those breasts heaved up and down with relief. 'Except for one serious error.' She bit her lip, then looked mutely appealing. 'Your own room is in a shambles,' he concluded.

'I...I didn't think I need d-do that, Sir...' she got out.

'Didn't think, eh?' Already he was moving towards the sideboard, seeing her mouth beginning to open in dismay. 'When I say the whole house, Maureen, I mean the *whole* house.' Charles took out the strap.

'B-but...but...Sir...I didn't *know*!' came the protest.

'Best to begin as I mean to go on,' said Charles complacently. 'Such blatant errors are punishable. The sooner you learn that the better.'





'P-please...Sir...please...'

'Kneel on this chair, Maureen.'

Would she do it or would she play up? It was rather a critical moment. Then, with not a little relief, Charles saw her moving reluctantly to the chair. As she had obeyed her father, now she was obeying him. Good...good. He watched her kneel upright on the cushion, looking anxiously back over her shoulder, a wet gleam of tears already showing in her eyes. Although she might be accustomed to such discipline, it was rather a different matter when it was coming from a virtual stranger. And for the first time. 'Lift up your skirt, Maureen,' he ordered quietly. Now, would she do that, too? Had that been the way she had been punished at home. It seemed so, for the skirt was tugged partway up over the plump bottom. It was so tight that there was some difficulty in pulling it higher. Ultimately, it reached the waist, to reveal a bottom clad in a pair of snug, satiny white knickers. And now Charles approached a third hurdle. 'Take those knickers down, Maureen,' he said.

'Oh...no...please...no...ooo!' came an anguished plea.

'Don't tell me you weren't punished on the bare at home!'

'M-my mum...yes...but please...sir...don't make me!'

'Never your Dad?'

'W-well...yes...sometimes...' came the answer. Charles smiled. More like always, he said to himself.

'In any event, *you will take those knickers down! NOW!*' Ex-Petty Officer Hadley put on his best naval bark. And it worked.

Sobbing now, Maureen thrust down her knickers around her thighs, to bare herself completely. She certainly was a big, grown-up girl.

'Since this is your first offence, Maureen, I shall be lenient with you. No more than half a dozen.' That, he thought, was









tactically correct. Best to establish that the girl would kneel and bare her backside for punishment. That was a most important first step. No point in being severe at this stage. After all, there was plenty of time.

Maureen's shoulders were heaving; she was sobbing across the back of the chair, hands gripping it. The soft, pink buttock flesh was quivering faintly, with dread. The strap...eighteen inches long and an inch and a half wide...swung through the air and cracked loudly across Maureen's right buttock cheek. In view of the girl's experience, Charles laid it on quite hard, raising a bright pink swathe over the curving flesh. The whole bottom juddered wildly and Maureen threw back her head, gasping out. That, thought Charles, must have felt very much like her old man's belt...and she had taken it quite well, remaining kneeling in the chair, hands still gripping the back.

'Uuuhhhh....' she moaned. It occurred suddenly to Charles that the girl was probably more concerned with her nudity than the pain. He moved his position, then laid an equally hard back-hander across the left buttock cheek...with very similar results. How deliciously that young bottom bounced and joggled! It really was a beauty.

'Going to be more efficient in future, Maureen?' he asked.

'Y-yes..ohh...yes, Sir!'

Whaacckkk! Back to the right buttock cheek. A real stinger which had her gasping out even louder, with that bottom bouncing even more. 'Does it hurt as much as Dad's strap?'

'Oooh....ahh...yes, Sir...more!'

Charles wondered if that were true as he laid another back-hander over the left cheek. An Irish working-man's belt would be pretty formidable, he thought.

'Oowww...oowww!' gasped Maureen, her bottom twisting to one side, then the other, flesh jelly-quivering. Four bright pink-red swathes now decorated her buttocks.

Whaacckkk! Again on the right cheek and lower down. That cheek had now had its ration...and the yelping gasps were ever louder. He saw the nates clench in dread anticipation of the final stroke...then kept her hanging on for it. Sobbing, she waited...and her buttocks clenched again, then relaxed.



Whhacckkkkk! The final stroke, over the left cheek, and the hardest one of all.

'Yeeeoowww....oowww!' Vocally she was making quite a to-do, he thought, but she had remained in position throughout, hands always gripping the chair. A good performance. Maybe he had been too lenient with her. For all he knew, her Dad may have been in the habit of giving her a couple of dozen. Still, she stayed kneeling in the chair, the heaving of her shoulders slowly subsiding. He liked that. A girl should not move from her punishment position unless told to do so. An excellent start, he told himself, most excellent.

'You may get off the chair, Maureen.'

'Th-thank...mmmfff...thank you...S-Sir..' Charles liked that too. Nice to be thanked for such a directive. Knickers still down, she turned to face him and Charles at once saw that the button at the top of her blouse had given up the unequal struggle. He got a full view of the upper curves of her breasts, tightly reined in by a flimsy white bra. His lust took control and, before he quite knew what he was doing, he had his hands on them and was squeezing. 'If...ohhh...if...you play your cards right...ahhh...yes...if you do, my girl...there'll be no need for the strap. Nor the cane.'



She recoiled from him, clawing but not scratching...and Charles cursed himself for his lack of control. It was far too early for such a move. On the other hand, he had been sorely tempted. He watched the girl run sobbing and retching, from the room, hands over her face.

Had he made a complete cobbler of it?

\* \* \*

It seemed not, for Maureen remained and did her duties as near perfectly as made no difference. And, oddly enough perhaps, there was a new air of confidence about her. Slight but definite. Was that because (female that she was!) she now realised she had something to bargain with. As it was, Charles decided to let the dust settle before he began his next assault.

It happened, about a week later, that Charles was provided with a genuine reason for punishing the girl. For, whilst feather-dusting a piece of porcelain in one of his glass-fronted cabinets, Maureen knocked over another piece and smashed it to smithereens. It was an 'object d'art' worth all of four hundred pounds.



Back in the living room. With Maureen as pale as death again. Literally trembling. This time, she knew she had genuinely earned whatever was coming to her.

'I...I'm sorry, Sir...it was a complete a-accident...'

'Sheer carelessness, girl.' Charles withdrew the cane from the drawer. 'A piece worth hundreds...and quite irreplaceable.' The head bowed, as if in acknowledgement of guilt. If I wished, he thought, I could probably change tactics now. Give her the option. Would she concede? Or would her religious upbringing inhibit her? It would be more interesting to wait and see. Meanwhile, a good caning would be most adequately rewarding.

'You will go up to your room, girl, and you will return inside two minutes wearing nothing but your knickers. And you will bring a pillow. Do you understand?'

Maureen made no move, simply stared at him wide-eyed. Charles glanced at his watch; it was enough. Maureen scampered from the room, her nervous fingers already picking at the buttons of her uniform blouse.

She returned, pell-mell, in a fraction less than the time allowed. She stood before him, panting, breasts pushing out and

swinging minutely as she breathed in and out.

'Face down on the settee, Maureen; and put the pillow under your hips. I want your bottom sticking up in the air, girl, so that I can cane it properly.' He was intrigued to see how quickly she obeyed; perhaps she really did feel guilty...perhaps, even, she realised that she deserved to be punished.

Maureen wriggled the pillow under her hips and then looked up at him, big eyes wide open. He tucked a finger under the waistband of her knickers and yanked them up tight, then gave the shivery buttocks a wicked little flick with the cane.

'No — I think we'll have these knickers down, shall we?'

A tug, and the vulnerable nudity of Maureen's bottom was trembling under the shadow of the hovering cane. That fulsomely-rounded bottom was free of all blemish from her earlier strapping. Charles gazed upon it appreciatively. It was a bottom which was going to be made to writhe most vigorously. 'I...I'm sorry, Sir...truly...sorry...' she bleated in her Irish brogue.

'I'm glad to hear it, girl. All the same, you are going to get



twelve strokes for your carelessness!

Charles laid on the first. Hard, but not too hard. Maureen squealed loudly and breathlessly. And, as Charles had envisaged, her bottom did writhe most vigorously. And, from his point of view, most delightfully too!

At ten second intervals, the strokes lashed down. Maureen squealed louder and louder; ever more desperately, and she writhed ever more frantically. The sixth stroke, a rather harder one, forced her to clamp her hands to her squirming-juddering rear.

'Ooh...ooohhh...S-sir...not so hard...I can't *bear* it!'

'Hands away!' 'Think what you've cost me, you careless wretch!'

Maureen must have thought about it, for her hands folded obediently in the middle of her back and her flinching bottom was once more reluctantly lifted up. It got its due.

During the final six strokes, Maureen's squeals were no longer merely squeals, they were shrieks. She was, Charles reckoned happily, suffering more from this punishment than she ever had in her life before. This was no hairbrush, no belt nor strap. This was a biting cane. Cracking agonisedly across soft girl-flesh. Oh how she twisted, bounded and kick-

ed! Everything...but everything...was constantly on display! Modest, and sexually reticent she might be, but there was no way she could keep her most treasured secrets hidden.

Then at last it was over, and Maureen, sobbing wretchedly, was lying half-off the settee pressing hands to her well-striped bottom. The twin-tracked weals were vivid indeed. Certainly Charles had not spared her.

She sobbed miserably, yet there was no complaint. It seemed she accepted the situation. She had been stupidly careless and, thus, deserved to suffer for it.

'You found the cane painful, Maureen?' enquired Charles casually, after a decent interval had passed.

'Ohh...yes...sir...ooogh hh...'

'Then you won't be in a hurry to feel it again?'

'Oh no...Sir...no!'

'Then you'd better be more careful in future. You may stand up and pull your knickers up.' He looked on as, wincing and gasping, Maureen did so.

'You may go,' he said. The girl went, head down, Thoroughly beaten.







# RECOLLECTIONS



The girl touching her toes stirred uneasily, and the sound of her anxiously rapid breathing heightened the tension in the room.

'Do keep still,' purred a soft voice, loaded with malice, 'I haven't started yet — I think you'll know when I do.'

There was a suppressed giggle from one of the others that conveyed her excited anticipation, and the sofa springs twanged as she kicked off a shoe and tucked her feet up under her buttocks.

Kate had glimpsed between her slightly parted legs a flash of red panties as Jackie settled in comfort the better to watch the judicial infliction of pain.

She could not see Sonia who stood behind the first girl, and to one side, no doubt holding and playing with the riding crop Kate had brought with her.

They were giving her plenty of time to contemplate the immediate future. The crop swished menacingly and her bottom contracted involuntarily.

'Now, now — no jumping about. It's meant to hurt you know.'

Kate was nearly crying; she could feel the tears welling up. It was all so unfair. They hadn't bared her yet, and there was no way she would get it with even the flimsiest of covering. She knew that.

'It will be across your bare bottom of course,' Claire had said, and the other had nodded their agreement.

Kate thought back to previous times she had adopted this same ridiculous position. Well, it was almost the same, over the back of the chair in the kitchen at home. It gave the same feeling of collywobbles in the tummy, and the jelly-like legs, the uncontrollable trembling of the limbs, and the enormous vulnerability of her bottom, intensified to a nadir of deepest humiliation as her Uncle's hands lifted her skirt and pulled her panties down around her knees. He never failed to give her one or two friendly pats with his hand before adjusting her a little more to his satisfaction, legs perhaps a trifle further apart, hands gripping



well down the legs of the chair to draw her right over the back. Then, and only then, would he go to the back of the door to take down the cane from its hook and test its suppleness in the traditional way — by ear — as it split the air in a few practice strokes. It gave Kate time to anticipate its bite across her bare, quivering bottom. She had had her first caning only comparatively recently. He had used the stick that her cousin Elaine had felt, and it was much used, and finally split. Her Uncle had purchased another which, as he pointed out to her, was more suitable for a girl's bottom, being just a shade thinner so as to impart more sting and less bruise.

Her Aunt just smiled. She always smiled. When she told Kate her Uncle wanted to see her in the kitchen she smiled. When Kate rushed into her arms, knickers still down, for comfort afterwards, she smiled. Kate often wondered if she smiled whilst she was getting it.

The kitchen was a very social place. Warm and intimate, always occupied by her Aunt it often harboured visitors. Mrs Lamborne from next door was always popping in for coffee, or sending her daughter over to borrow something. Mabel was eighteen, spotty and fat, and had an uncanny knack of turning up when Uncle was in one of his punitive moods. She always found time to stay for the performance. Occasionally Stephen was around. Uncle didn't mind visitors at all, in fact he seemed to glow with judicial pride at their presence and beat just that much harder. He worked on the simple principle that Kate was going to get it at a particular time no matter who was in the kitchen. That was usually when she arrived back from college at about six, or at the weekends around tea time.

Not that it happened every week. Far from it. She could sometimes manage as long as a month before disaster struck and it usually came quite unexpectedly for something she hadn't anticipated. Like the Saturday she was ironing a shirt and the telephone rang and it







was Bobby and she talked too long and the iron burnt a hole in the board. Uncle came home from golf for tea — and it was just her luck that his partner and his wife came as well with their two grown-up sons. Two whom she hated. It had been quite a party around the kitchen table — high tea enjoyed by all. Auntie had smilingly told Uncle he'd have to deal with Kate after tea and her impending thrashing had formed the basis of a most interesting table discussion which led to the exchange of quite a few confidences on the subject. It transpired that Mr Allnut, the golfing partner, had never suffered the indignity which Kate was *due* to undergo although he was much in favour of the use of corporal punishment. He expressed the greatest possible interest in being able to witness the effects of a cane across a female bottom.

'Mrs Allnut was a true believer, as she repeatedly said, with many meaningful looks at Kate, in the, 'spare the rod...' school of thought, and sincerely hoped that Sid would not mistake leniency for kindness. It would do Kate no good in the end, and she would undoubtedly benefit from a sound thrashing. Sid assured her that he would not be guilty of so crass an error.

Auntie smiled, and the two sons thought much but said nothing.

All this conversation took place as if Kate herself was not present — or indeed, if she existed, it was only as an inanimate object.

It was Mr Allnut who drew her into the discussion by a direct question.

'Do you think you benefit from your Uncle's kindly discipline?' He suddenly demanded of her.

What a catch 22 question; and long before that phrase had even come into existence. If she said yes, it would encourage her Uncle to beat her more often, and if she said no it would be rude and again bring more punishment. In desperation, seeking a reply, she looked up and her eyes sought and found the cane hanging innocently with Auntie's working apron (as opposed to her







best one) and the dog lead. His eyes followed hers and he laughed. 'I think she's saying yes,' he relished. 'She can't take her eyes off that cane.' Mrs Allnut expressed some interest in seeing the cane at close quarters, and accepted it from a chastened Kate who winced as the large lady flexed and swished it with an abandoned ease implying a desire for its use.

She handed it back with a smile of cherubic sweetness and Kate hastily returned it to the hook on the door.

After the tea-things had been cleared away Kate was sent upstairs to 'tidy herself up.' When she came down again she paused a moment outside the door; from within

came the sound of ribald laughter and the movement of furniture. It was only when she realised that to delay further would possibly invoke extra punishment that she reluctantly opened the door. The table had been pushed to one side and the chair was waiting for her in the extra space provided. The spectators had foregathered at one end of the room so as to have a satisfactory viewpoint without impeding Uncle's arm-swing. It was very quiet as she came back in. Just silence and eyes watching her. Greedy eyes, glistening with excitement eyes. Eyes that said, thrash her hard. Eyes that, if asked to suggest leniency, would have hardened with horror. Uncle

was in his element. showmanship blossomed with the strength of his audience. Tiny beads of perspiration gathered on his brow.

'I'm going to whip you,' he said unnecessarily, in his gravelly beating voice. It was as if he liked the sound of the words. At nineteen Kate was beginning to suspect she was often whipped for reasons other than discipline. Mr Allnut, like her Uncle, seemed to have the same funny way of looking at her.

Uncle took her by the arm, and she had been led, unprotesting to the chair, where he had momentarily tightened his hold on her arm and hissed in her ear. 'Behave yourself properly. I don't

want any antics.' Kate knew what he meant. Uncle didn't like it when she twisted about to try to relieve the mounting pain in her bottom, but sometimes he made it so unbearable that she just could not help lifting up a leg or writhing over to one side. She always tried so hard not to, as it invariably brought her more strokes, and besides it made it possible for anyone watching to see right between her legs. '(She had once had a practise session in front of a mirror when they were all out to see just what she did look like bent over, and was horrified at how much that was personal and intimate came into view if she moved her legs or opened them even a little.)



'Get ready,' Uncle ordered.

She shuffled forward until her tummy pressed hard into the top of the chair and started to reach down to the seat.

'Skirt!' warned Auntie, ever watchful.

She lifted up again and raised her hem in front. The back of the chair was cold against her thighs.

As her head went down into the chair seat she fumbled her hands forward until she could grasp the front legs just below the cross bar. Her skirt rode up until she knew her knickers were on display, smoothed tight around her cheeks and between her thighs. Cotton M & S, they had been. She still remembered. But that wasn't

going to be good enough for them. It always had to be given bare. She had shuddered then. She usually trembled a lot before a beating and this had proved no exception, in fact it was probably worse. Uncle lifted her skirt up over her back, and she shut her eyes to try and pretend it was not happening. His fingers scrabbled at her waist and her pants were worked slowly down. She had unconsciously pressed her thighs together in modesty and had had to be sharply warned to co-operate before he could release the crutch sufficiently to get them virtually to her knees. She had shivered again as the cool air foretold the fate her bottom awaited, and she had heard a sup-

pressed snigger. The quiet clatter of the cane being lifted from the back of the door, and its ominous parting of the air as it was tested, made her rub her thighs together in anticipated anguish. It tapped her on the heels. Obedient to the command she had raised them, going further forward over the chair, her face obscured in her hair. Now her bottom was really well up and more than ready to be flogged. The cane was laid lightly across.

The memory of that harbinger of doom tapping ever so lightly on her soft flesh produced a judder, as fearful now as it had been then.

The girl touching her toes stirred uneasily with her memories.

Almost itching for it, isn't

she?' Sonia said. 'Do put your hands flat on the floor, I know you can do it and I don't intend to start until you co-operate, then you can have ten really juicy slices across that fat bottom of yours.'

Christ — ten she thought, but reached further down as ordered.

Mr Allnut had coughed discretely above the snick, snick, of the cane's tapping.

'How many do you intend to give her?'

'Six' Uncle had said. 'Six for being careless and, — and then — perhaps another four for spoiling our evening. Yes, definitely.' He had sounded positively happy at the prospect. 'Ten all told.'

He tapped harder; it stung.











'Keep still.'

Then it came. Slicing, burning, throbbing into her bottom cheeks, delivered with force and accuracy, worse than ever remembered and forcing a sob from the depths of her despair. She writhed her thighs together, and remembered not to roll;

one toe had lifted momentarily, she had squeezed her cheeks, done all the things whipped girls will always do to try and reduce their pain, and then lain there waiting for the next one, and the next, and the next. They came. Relentlessly slashing into her proffered bottom.

But why hadn't she learnt a lesson? Why, why, why?

To have done the same thing to the girls' ironing, and now, unable to pay, having to take what they considered fair compensation. Fair, that's a laugh. Either that or get out of their shared flat.

The girl with her palms on

the floor stirred uneasily.

'You can reach back and take your own panties down — but don't get up. That's right. Hands flat down again.'

Sonia took a step back. Kate clenched. It was all going to happen again.



# FEEDBACK

**Dear Editor,**

As I am away from home a great deal on my travels. I often pick up a copy of Blushes or The Supplement, and my girlfriend enjoys a look through my souvenirs when I get back to see her.

Probably our main criticisms are that with all the genuine underclothes you can get these days in any of the High Street stores (which I often bring home for little presents) your models choices are very uninspiring. Also that magic part of the ritual of your hapless victims stripping or being stripped prior to their further humiliation(s), while well-covered in the story-line are badly overlooked in all but a very few of the photos.

Sue — now 26, plays a lot of netball and we've some story-lines based in no small part on some of her exploits and stories. A few weeks ago her local team was badly beaten by the leagues bottom team. Sue was goal shooter but had a dreadful game after Friday night out with the girls. On the next Wednesday after team practice I suggested she report to me in her full gear for an explanation, 'extra-practice' and a kit inspection.

Deliberately (I think) she turned up in non-regulation knickers, which

promptly had to be removed and handed over.

I'd worked out some arduous PE exercises to 'sharpen her up' which ended up with her very hot in front of the fire doing knee-bends and press-ups in only her ankle socks, sports bra and tiny netball skirt prior to receiving some hefty stingers on her naked and already glowing bottom cheeks.

They lost again the next Saturday, but only narrowly to one of the top teams. I showed up for the second half, and Sue admitted that the 'tingling memories' of Wednesday spurred her on to greater efforts, especially after I had turned up. She certainly had very wet knickers in the car afterwards, which were again handed to me for inspection! We're now planning (or I am) a practice net up on the garage wall; how much or little she may wear will depend on her efforts in the 'warm-up' — followed by at least one stroke for each goal she misses. She's actually terrified of what the neighbours might see!!

I'll write of more exploits if Sue enjoys seeing my contribution which I've warned her I would be sending. Keep up the good work.

**M.G., Chepstow**

**P.S.** For aficionados, the dog chewed through her leather lead, which I've unplaited and trimmed to make a very effective 'cat-o-six-tails'!

*Bearing in mind your criticisms about the lack of pictures of girls stripping prior to punishment, perhaps 'Carriage and Posture' in this issue will be to your taste.*

**Dear Sir,**

Having just purchased Blushes 25, I have been prompted to write to you as there is no 'Join the Dots' story.

Perhaps you could use a fantasy of mine that recently I 'acted' out with my girlfriend Jill. (We often act out stories we find in magazines).

Jill is sent upstairs to dress for her punishment. She has on a long sleeved white blouse, a straight black pinafore dress belted at the waist the hem of which stops 6 inches above the knee. She has on black seamed stockings and white lace panties with matching suspender-belt and on her feet are white high heeled shoes. As she comes down the stairs the lace edge of her white half-slip can be seen. (Although this is a very sexy





piece of lingerie which is often mentioned in your stories, alas it is seldom seen in your photographs). She comes into the study and sits herself down in a chair across from me. I am busy writing, seated behind the study desk.

I look up and see her sitting cross-legged awaiting my pleasure. This cross-legged pose displays her slip and stocking top to my eager eye.

She is then ordered to stand facing the wall and raise her hands as high as she can reach. This of course exposes the slip once more and lets me see that her stocking seams are not quite straight.

Next she stands in the middle of the room and touches her toes. This action reveals not only her slip and stocking tops but also her suspenders and panties.

Now she has to lie over the back of an armchair with her feet 18 inches apart.

I walk slowly up behind her and raise first her dress and then her slip to her waist. Then I lower her panties to her knees exposing for the first time her beautiful peach of a bottom.

Then I walk over to the desk drawer and take out the strap. 'A dozen tonight Jill' I say, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice. She winces noticeably but says nothing. I take up my position to her left and behind.

'One please.' Then I lay it on — slap. She has to ask for each one in turn. Failure to ask for it means it doesn't count.

By the end of the punishment session her bottom is bright red — having received fourteen strokes — and the tears are rolling down her face.

She is then instructed to stand in the corner with her dress and slip around her waist, her knickers around her knees and her arms held high with her bright red cheeks exposed to my eyes as I sit down and light a cigarette.

Well, that's my fantasy — I am sure other readers would enjoy sharing in it. It's up to you now.

**A.B.**

**P.S.** The enclosed photos show Jill at the conclusion of a 're-enactment' of a Blushes story, although I'm afraid I don't recollect the title at the moment.







**Dear Editor,**  
First of all, I have just read Blushes No. 22. Fabulous! The best ever! Many thanks! It's great that you dare to publish even the more harsh views of your readers. We are a lot out here that enjoy more severity for naughty girls — even punishment of breasts and pussies as suggested by JPW in issue 22.

However, 'Join the Dots' is even more fantastic. Me too have a fantasy so please here is a basis for another exciting Join the Dots feature.

Miss Gates (from page 25, issue 22) is standing in front of two ugly elderly men. She wears an exceedingly tight and very short white dress. Under this is a black suspender belt, a pair of black stockings and black brief panties. Black extremely high-heeled shoes and no bra. The white dress is so extremely thin and tight that you clearly can see what she wears under it. The men look at the girl with eagerness and she looks utterly scared. 'You are going to get *discipline* and plenty of it! We shall whip the hell out of you' one man says. They grab her by each wrist and force her into another room. She pleads to be released but they only laugh at her.

Inside the room she is told to strip but refuses. One man shows her an ugly whip and with her eyes wide in fear she starts undoing her clothing. She is told to leave her stockings, suspender belt and the high heeled shoes on and put her hands on her head. Standing almost nude the men start grabbing and groping the girl's breasts, bottom, thighs and pussy. They are gloating over her nudity and she starts sobbing. She is told to reach her hands towards the ceiling and hold on to a rope which is hooked in the ceiling. When she stands in the middle of the room, stretched wide, her big breasts thrust right out and her big arse trembling each of the men produces a whip one placing himself in front of her the other behind her. (The rest for your imagination).

If Miss Gates would take part in a feature like this I sure will send her a good bonus!

**G.L.H. Sweden.**

*Herewith a couple of 'Join the Dots' shots, the best we can do, I'm afraid at short notice!*

**Dear Editor,**  
What a superb issue Blushes 22 was for those of us interested in



humiliation techniques! I refer, of course, to the long letter from JPW which you featured under the title 'Some like it hot' about the humiliation which can be derived from the punishment of girls' breasts. You must, by the way, tell readers exactly what a 'tit dipping' is — I assume that the naked girls were forced to bend forward and dip their breasts into the hot and cold water alternately — PLEASE let us know! The other aspect to Blushes 22 which interested me (besides the magnificent stories and photos, of course) was the letter from A. Saxon with his idea of special supplements to Blushes devoted to just one theme each month, one of them to be on the humiliation technique centred around internal examinations (interestingly, BP's letter in Blushes 24 is on the same subject).

To take JPW's ideas first, all enthusiasts acknowledge that it is both humiliating and very painful to apply any punishment to a girl's breasts. A girl is usually very self conscious about the size and shape of her breasts and just to have them displayed to a group of men is very embarrassing let alone having them mauled or slapped. Could you not do a photo-story in which a pretty young student or similar with a very ample bust is forced to strip nude in front of a group of male lecturers? She is made to run on the spot and the audience jeer at the sight of her bouncing boobs. She must then stand with her arms held high over her head and legs apart while her bottom and breasts are slapped hard by all present for a period of several minutes. In cases where severe discipline is needed a thin two tailed tawse would then be applied to her breasts while, at the same time, a heavy three tailed tawse is used on her bottom.

JPW suggested also the possibility of punishing pussies! We are on difficult ground here both legally and morally — I'm sure none of your readers would wish to see barbaric levels of punishment in Blushes. There are, however, several possibilities which would be very acceptable. The internal examinations requested by A. Saxon are a form of pussy punishment. When done for non-medical reasons in front of a group of men it must be the most humiliating experience imaginable for any girl.

To conduct the examination properly a gynaecological couch with all attachments is vital. The girl to be examined would be brought in before the assembled company and her

misdeeds read out. She would then be ordered to strip naked and lie on the couch with her knees held up high and wide apart by the stirrups (for those of your readers not acquainted with the terminology these are U-shaped padded rests which are located on either side of a gyny couch — they can be adjusted to raise and part the legs). A bright spotlight should shine directly between the legs. As there may be a tendency for the girl to bring her hands down to cover herself she should be made to reach down and grip the legs of the couch or, if preferred, keep her hands behind her head. It may be useful to shave her at this stage but this is entirely optional. Next the speculum is taken out (a speculum is usually cylindrical in general shape, about six inches long, and has a mechanism by which the two sides of the instrument part to dilate the vagina to various degrees) and is shown to the girl along with an exact description of what they intend to do to her. If the speculum is cold so much the better. It should be coated in KY jelly and slowly inserted before being fully dilated. The subsequent examination should be slow and lingering — if it can be photographed so much the better. After withdrawing the speculum fingers are then used, every man present being invited to take a turn. When an internal examination is given as a humiliation or punishment and not for medical reasons then surgical gloves should be worn. Of course, if the girl struggles at all she is caned or tawsed across her buttocks before proceeding further. Please feature internal examinations more in Blushes. I realise that you may not be able to persuade your lovelies to actually submit to one but just the suggestion would be enough! For instance why not a photo or two of a lovely naked girl being led screaming to a gyny couch on the cold leather surface of which are placed a variety of specula and a whip.

There are many other pussy punishments. Making a girl sit astride a bench covered in sharp coconut matting, or having her spreadeagle herself on a bed or a table while a hot water bottle is pressed between her legs, the duration of the contact being gradually increased.

I do hope that you can print some or all of this in Blushes.

**H.J. Mc**

*Our thanks for your letter H.J. Mc., You will understand why certain passages could not be included.*





She glanced up at the sky. Clear unbroken blue. It was going to be a lovely day again. Like last week. A week ago today. In the wood. The same clear blue sky glimpsed through the glimpsed through the shimmering green leaves of the tree overhead. The warm soft ground against her back, her bottom. Which had made those slight brown marks on her blouse that she had so frantically rubbed out afterwards. Marks made as she had been pushed rhythmically...

Shivering she broke off the memory and went inside. Through the kitchen window she watched her husband get in his car. Wave. Drive off. She gave a nervous wave back and turned to the sink. Get on with it. The housework. Concentrate her mind on the house. Their house. Hers and Derek's. There were hundreds of jobs to be done. No time to think those thoughts. Scary, illicit, but overpoweringly exciting thoughts. So don't think them. Get on. The washing-up and then some washing. And then...

But as she busied herself the thoughts remained in her mind.

Floating below the surface but she knew they were there. Eager to push up into her consciousness. The blue sky, the lovely day outside the house. And under the blue sky those green inviting woods. Where...

She had had no thought of it last week. Not before. She had never had any thought of that before. Well perhaps a *thought* but only to think about it, with no thought of doing it. It was too scary for one thing — and also she didn't want to. She had Derek, that was all she wanted. She loved him as she loved their little house. Why should she want to do any of...that other. But she *had* thought about it before. Just thinking. Heady, scary thoughts. A stranger. A man who wasn't Derek.

But not ever to think of really...

And she had had no thought when she went out. It had just been such a lovely day. She had gone to do the shopping and then...thought of the wood. She and Derek had gone there once, a year ago. Just walking. That was a really dreadful thought —



# WOODLAND ENCOUNTER



that she and Derek had gone there. Had walked about in that exact place. Where...

Her pink blouse. At the sink afterwards frantically scrubbing out those marks.

It had just happened. Without thinking about it, or wanting it. She *hadn't* wanted it. Then remembering. Except...when she had parked her car in the lane by the wood...taking her wedding ring off. Putting it in the glove compartment. But that hadn't meant...she wanted that. It was just that she had a vague thought of being fancy-free. A girl walking fancy-free in the woods. She was only 21 anyway. Twenty one and married a year. And sometimes when you were young and married you had those vague thoughts of being not married; remembering what it was like. But she certainly didn't want to be unmarried. She had Derek and she wanted Derek and that was all she wanted.

In the kitchen making herself a cup of coffee she looked out of the window again. It really was a super day. Just exactly like

last week. Actually she needed to go to the shops. Something for their dinner for one thing. If she went now...It was 10 o'clock. That was about when she had gone last week. Gone to the supermarket and then...She shivered. Where was he now? Gareth, he had said his name was, although quite possibly he had made that up. As she had said her name was Elizabeth. Would he perhaps go to the wood again? To see...? But he could be anywhere. Anywhere in the country. He was a rep, travelling. Which was just as well. If he had been local and someone found out. or he found out her real name and where she lived...She bit her lip.

Afterwards he had wanted to buy her lunch but she said no, she had to get back. Scarcely able to believe what had happened, what she had done, she had driven frantically for miles out of her way, looking constantly in the mirror to see if his car was following. He hadn't followed her, though. He probably wasn't interested. He had got what he wanted. Probably he picked up





women all over the place. Bored housewives. Silly young wives who out in the woods would agree to sit down. Lie down. And then didn't object, or not really, when he started pulling their shorts down.

She bit her lip again. It was a lovely day and she had a lovely house — and of course Derek. Don't think about it. If she had, somehow, done it, it was over and done with. A moment of awful weakness. But she would never, ever...

Upstairs she thought, hesitated, and then took out her shorts. The brief, tight white ones. Sexy ones you could say, but she didn't want to say that. They did show off her good figure though. Her shapely thighs and the nice firm shape of her bottom. They were the shorts of course that she had worn last week. The shorts and the pink blouse that had got those marks on. She took the blouse out. The marks had washed out completely.

She looked at herself in the mirror. The blouse and shorts and her white high heels. Sexy. Sexy wasn't a nice word, though, it sounded cheap. Glamorous then. She didn't usually wear this to the shops; not the tight shorts. But last week she had just felt like it, it was such a nice day. And today...

I'm only going to the shops, she told herself. Then come straight back and make a sandwich for lunch. Last week she hadn't had any lunch. Hadn't wanted any. Hadn't wanted any dinner either. 'Aren't you hungry?' Derek had asked. She had just silently shaken her head. Her head that was full of that unthinkable thing. The blue sky seen through the soft green leaves. Up beyond the head of the man — Gareth — who was on top of her. Grunting slightly. As he thrust up into her.

She went out to the garage to her little car. It really was a lovely day. It would be really lovely in the wood. *Don't*, she told herself. I'm *not*. I'm not going out there. Not even just to drive out that way and come back.

The supermarket was not very busy, as it usually wasn't on a mid-week morning. Mostly housewives of course. Only a few men but she looked at each one with thumping heart. He wouldn't be in here, why would he? And he was anyway the last person she wanted to see. Certainly. Except that a little awful part of her thought — just *thinking* — of what it would be like to have it on a regular basis. See him once a week say. He wouldn't try to find out who she was or where she lived. He would just meet her in some secret place. And they would do it. Meet her in the wood perhaps.

Apart from being awful it was a really *stupid* thought. Because someone would be bound to find out. One of the neighbours, one of her family. *Derek*. You could do something like that once perhaps and if you were lucky get away with it, but never on a regular basis. Girls who tried that always got found out. And then...

That awful part of her mind had *thought* of doing it regularly though. That same part of her mind that had also, a couple of times in bed with Derek this last week, when Derek was on top of her, doing it, imagined that it wasn't Derek but the man in the wood. Gareth, if that was his real name. Dreadfully, but deliciously, imagining that it wasn't Derek on top of her but Gareth. Gareth's big stiff thing up inside her.

None of the men in the supermarket was Gareth. Fortunately. Though that little part of her mind felt a tremble of disappointment. They were older mostly. Pensioners, who didn't have to go to work. But a couple of them, old or not, eyed her anyway. Eyed her bare legs and the tight shorts. A girl she knew had said, 'They're all the same: men. Even the old ones. They only think about one thing.'

She didn't think that herself. Derek for one didn't think only about that one thing. And she couldn't believe it about older men, even though a couple of them did look at her in that way. But then in the car park one of them came over and started chatting. As she was putting her things away. Saying what a lovely day it was. And then asked if she wanted to go for a drive.

Quite an old man, he must be 60, with white hair and moustache. She felt herself flushing. Shaking her head. He smiled, disappointed. 'We could have a really nice time.' But she shook her head again.

She drove off. Had he meant...that? He *couldn't* have. But...She

was going home. To make herself a sandwich and then get on with the housework. Yes. But...

Somehow she wasn't going the most direct way home. This road if you continued on...Well, it was the road she had taken last week. Somehow she was driving along it. I'm just going to drive home this way, she told herself. Just for the drive.

But somehow when she got there she was stopping. And she was sliding her wedding ring off and putting it in the glove compartment. Getting out of the car. Locking it. It really was a gorgeous day. I'll just have a short stroll, she told herself. And then go straight back. Because anyway no one would be here. No one. And certainly not that Gareth.

Gareth wasn't there, or certainly no sign of him. But when the man appeared she thought for a split second it was Gareth. 'Hello!' almost blurted out when she saw that of course it wasn't. Gareth was 40 ish and anyway not at all like this chap. Who was clearly younger, taller, and in casual jeans and top. He just suddenly appeared when she had got almost to that place where Gareth had persuaded her to sit down and then not much later had fucked her.

'Hello,' he said, this other man. Smiling. 'I know you, don't I? Frobisher Drive over in Southon.'

'No!' she said, panicky, although of course it was where she lived. He had come close.

'Oh yes it is,' he grinned. 'And you were out here last week. Right here. That wasn't your husband, though was it? I know what he looks like. Younger, your age.'

'No!' she yelped again. What was she going to do? She was caught, all her worst dreams realised. And this bloke...

He had taken hold of her arms. She was shivering in spite of the warm morning. 'What shall we do? Tell your husband?'

'No!' It seemed to be the only word she could find.

'No? But we must do something. To teach you a lesson. I mean that sort of thing is awful, letting that fellow do that to you. Eh? What should we do? Some punishment.'

She shook her head. He was presumably going to do it. Screw her. She couldn't resist; he knew who she was, where she lived. She would have no choice, and he would want it again and he would be pestering her and Derek would inevitably find out. A nightmare.

'I'm going to smack your bum,' he said.

What...?

'Take those shorts down. And your knickers if you've got any on. I'm going to spank that naughty bum. Just like a naughty schoolgirl. Make it all red and sore.'

'No!' she yelped. 'Don't you *dare*.' Trying to pull away from him. He abruptly let go. 'Go on then; run off. And then I'll go and see your husband. Or write to him.'

She stood there, heart thudding, rubbing her arms. There was nothing she could do. Except...

'OK?' he asked. He was sitting down. On the sunny grassy slope. 'Come on. Down here. Over my lap. And we'll have those shorts down.'

She looked desperately around. 'I can't...some-one...might come.'

'No they won't. Not here. And anyway you weren't worrying about that last time. Not with that other bloke.'

Her eyes darting round again, but there was only the leafy trees and shrubs. And the blue sky above. She got down, over his lap. 'Put your hands behind your back,' he told her. 'High up. And don't move them.' She did it, her face down near the grass. And felt his hands at her shorts. Taking them down. Then her brief knickers. As last week they had been slid down. Only then it had been so different.

Gasping out as his hand splatted hard down on her tender bottom. The hard male hand stinging the soft bare nates. Again and again. It was dreadfully painful but it was more than that. Humiliating. Mortifying. To have something like this done when you were 21, a married woman. She realised she was crying. Which was even more mortifying. And beyond the devastation of what was happening here and now was what was *going* to happen. He would have the same hold over her when he had finished this. To do...whatever he wanted.



Ten minutes later she is back outside the door, this time with her knickers in her hand. Bare-bummed — a well-strapped bare bum — she tries to pretend the visitor isn't there, whilst she waits for Charles to terminate his 'phone call and summon her back inside.





